

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Stomp On Ya Brain"

(feat. Journalist)

*[Intro/Chorus: Canibus]*

"If you can't walk the walk," nah don't even try it  
When I'm wired, I spit fire  
And come stomp on your brain, brain, brain...

*[Verse 1: Canibus]*

Yo! What about hip-hop, is so interesting?  
Emcees battle for respect, it's intensive  
Spit rhymes while I shimmy up the cliff side  
Before you ask why I'm tryin to show you where Rip died  
The questions give me more insight into your mind  
than them whack rhymes I hear you recitin all the time  
Restore and re-establish it, revive it, revamp it  
Refresh yourself with something organic, and mechanic  
Verses be so strong they are generally interpreted wrong  
Prone to correspond their responses from the songs  
Mr. Motherfuckin Know-It-All, bet you ten gold banola bars  
I'm smarter then those fifth graders are  
The writing technique is from a lion-headed beast  
Sciatic nerve got me spittin automatic words  
Ideas eliminated in the order they were created  
amid specative language about how I even made it  
Rebel without a cause, spittin ten billion bars  
to the cold corpse cellophane wrapped on the floor  
There's more, I declare war, bomb 'em!  
Pound after pound I come stomp on 'em

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 2: Journalist]*

We bite without barkin, you just a target  
I shot darts and stomp on your brain in Doc Martins  
with boats shoes, so crude, my pardon  
Soon as the clock startin, show moves I got from old dudes  
who used to smoke Kools by the carton  
Set fire to you, I'm the arson  
Was clappin at cats, before they applauded for John Carson  
Anybody with good sense, know the footprints  
solemn leads is from the Air Max 93's  
'til everything you see is Siamese  
I've been stompin since chicks from Martin was buyin reeds  
We stomp on your cane, and sell it to niggaz  
The niggaz stomp on your brain  
Who wanna tangle with the black orangutang?  
I came to bang, it ain't a thang  
Name a name he'll be history

Nothin more than a mystery, a Stephen King novel  
Either they ain't been watchin or they need a clean goggle  
to follow the footsteps of the T Rex, detect  
whoever leap next from a speed jet without a parachute  
Turn you into carrot soup troop

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3: Canibus]*

The duck-billed dino was eaten by the eighty ton rhino  
A very long time ago  
Soul, rock and roll, RTJ double-oh  
Now you know nigga, lock and load  
How can I create the right sentence to help explain  
how it feels when a whack emcee rhymes for Germaine?  
Don't be a water brain, make you spit your rhymes in quarantine  
Put you up against War Machine  
Sixty second rounds, keep your metaphors clean  
Sleepwalk when I dream, spit Listerine green  
The (Microphone Fiend) on the scene  
Call on them scream, he might break you off a sixteen  
Laser beam lyrics comin at you at an altered speed  
The (Altered Beast) don't pause for the beat  
This is lyrical law, you will be among the first to compete  
to run, walk or crawl over beats  
The goal is too tall to reach, can't touch the Spit Boss' feet  
You pole vault into a wall of defeat  
I love Biggie cause I know what he means  
When he told you, "It was all a dream"

*[Chorus]*